

# The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,  
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

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## GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

XI.

How they are singing, those priests! they think it is vastly important  
Folks should come day after day, gabbling for ever the same.  
Find no fault with the priests, they thoroughly know human nature;  
Man is sure to be blest; gabbling for ever the same.

J. O.

## CARLOTTA CRISI.

THIS most charming and accomplished of all the daughters of Terpsichore arrived on Wednesday, in excellent health and spirits. The revolution in Paris has done Carlotta no harm, and the incessant "rappels" have not frightened her off her feet, which are as nimble and active (and as pretty and small) as they ever were. This will be proved in the course of next week, when Carlotta intends making her curtsy to her old friends and admirers at Her Majesty's Theatre, as the representative of *Fire*, in Perrot's characteristic divertissement, entitled *Les Elemens*.

## THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCES.

MESSRS. DICKENS, LEMON, EGG, and Co., have been giving a couple of entertainments at the Haymarket Theatre, by the kind permission of the liberal Mr. Webster, in aid of the fund which is not to purchase a house for Shakspeare, but a house-keeper to take care of the house supposing it to be purchased. Of the first performance, which consisted of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a farce by Mrs. Inchbald, a wag in the *Morning Chronicle* has written as follows:—

"Amateur theatricals are all very well in private places. Charles, and John, and Frederick, are then 'at home,' and have none but their friends to look on at their odd performances, which, of course, though they laugh at, it is all 'in confidence.' But it is a different affair to do the amateur on the common market-place of the drama; having first expelled the regular dealers for the occasion. It is a much bolder affair to demand prices for the wares thus retailed by inexperienced hands, double and treble those at which the honest hard-working professionals were content to produce them.

"There are occasions, indeed, as for a pressing object of charity, when non-professional gentlemen may volunteer to rush upon the scene, and submit to make themselves uncomfortably comical for the sake of gain—gain to the benevolent object in view. And in such cases the end may justify the means.

"But let not the experiment be too often repeated, even in the cause of charity. Charity, which 'begins at home,' should step in to prevent it. The blaze of the exploded rocket over, let us not try to use the stick again. The gilt will rub off the gingerbread with handling. The first blush of the absurdity which 'told' so well must wear off by use. Those awkward convulsions of virgin genius which set the first good-natured audience in a roar, being past, the conventionalisms of stage trick, assumed with just sufficient coolness to leave exposed all the

essentials which are wanting, must send the second, third, and each succeeding audience to sleep."

"It seems, however, that there is a body of enterprising gentlemen, of good repute and standing in their own vocations as artists and public writers who have taken the memory of one William Shakspeare under their joint protection; and have resolved that he shall not only have a house at Stratford-on-Avon, but 'a perpetual curator,' or house-keeper, to do the honours in his unavoidable absence.

"It was not, perhaps, too much to expect that, whilst these associated amateurs went so far out of their way, and sacrificed so much on behalf of William Shakspeare, he should be called upon to sacrifice his *Merry Wives of Windsor* freely at their hands. Accordingly this comedy opened the 'entertainment' given at the above theatre last night; Mrs. Inchbald's *Animal Magnetism* being resorted to as a restorative at the conclusion. After the general observations we have made it would be an ungracious and unprofitable task to go into a detailed criticism upon the performance. As a matter of history, however, it may be interesting to give the cast of the principal parts of the comedy:—Sir John Falstaff, Mr. Mark Lemon; Shallow, Mr. Chas. Dickens; Slender, Mr. John Leech; Mr. Ford, Mr. John Forster; Mr. Page, Mr. Frank Stone; Dr. Caius, Mr. Dudley Costello. The part of Mrs. Ford was very charmingly played by Miss Fortescue, whose calm demeanour amid so much 'toil and trouble,' reminded us of the anecdote of Garrick, who, being invited to some private theatricals at a nobleman's house in the country, sat patiently till the middle of the third act, quite at a loss for something complimentary to say. At this point a fourth-rate personage came on with a message (played by a poor devil of a professional, because nobody else would take the part) when Garrick, quite relieved by the apparition, turned round to the noble host, observing:—

'I see you have one actor amongst you.'

"It remains to be said, that the house, notwithstanding the prices demanded—averaging only a guinea a seat, with the privilege to survivors of coming again on Wednesday, when *Every Man in his Humour* will be treated after the like fashion—was by no means a full one."

Now, when we call to mind that the illustrious author of *Pickwick* first made his public reputation by a series of essays published in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which paper he held the honorable office of a parliamentary reporter, we must confess it appears to us the most blackest ingratitude on the part of the wag who "does the theatres" for that journal to have allowed his pen to diverge into such an eccentric line of quizzery concerning a matter with which the illustrious author of *Pickwick* was so intimately connected. And when we consider that Mr. Mark Lemon is the editor of *Punch*, we must confess it appears to us nothing short of hopeless insanity on the part of the wag thus to lay himself and the *Chronicle* open to the counter-retorts of the most-venerable of puppets, by attacking him, as it were, from behind the hedge of his own field. And, further, when we fail to overlook the facts that Mr. John Forster forges the theatrical and literary bombshells of the *Examiner*, that Mr. G. H. Lewes blows long winders in the *Foreign Quarterly*, that Mr. George Cruikshank has a grotesque and Mr. John Leech a crooked pencil wickedly inclined to satire, that Mr. Augustus Dickens is the brother of Charles Dickens, and Mr. Frederick Dickens the brother of Augustus Dickens, that Mrs. Cowden Clarke was personally acquainted with the author of *Elia's Essays*,

that Mr. Augustus Egg is a painter of obscurity, and that nobody ever heard of Mr. Eaton, — when, we repeat, we fail to overlook these facts, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the wag of the *Chronicle* must have been beside himself, or his evil genius made bodily apparent, when he gave himself up with a chuckle to the inditement of the article we (with considerable shivering) have transferred to these columns. The rogue! The noodle at the same time! "With privilege to survivors of coming again on Wednesday!" How much malice and stupidity prepossess lie in this observation Messrs. Dickens, Egg, Lemon, and Co., can tell.

But let not the "Shaksperians" take it to heart. We of the *Musical World* are firm; and though *Punch* rail at us for a twelvemonth, firm we shall still remain, in our conviction that the amateur-gentlemen, according to the sophistic interpretation of the *Morning Chronicle*, are sacrificing Shakspeare upon the altar of the god NOS, but that, to the best of their own belief (and in consonance with our own private and unsophisticated opinion) they are sacrificing themselves upon the altar of the god Shakspeare; disdainful of contumely, they boldly show to the world, by the badness of their acting, how little they understand the poet for whom they are magnanimously building a house; mindless of prosody, they fearlessly display their impotence to scan the verses of the poet of whom they have so often professed to scan the soul, and for whose house they are valiantly furnishing a housekeeper; defiant of the critics, they manfully demonstrate that they can neither read, act, nor understand Shakspeare—and all for the sake of swelling the bubble that has been empty glittering in the eyes of the uninitiated for the last twelvemonths, or thereabouts—all for the sake of buying a house that Shakspeare never lived in, and bestowing it upon a "curator," who has endured for twenty-five years upon the rinsings of Shakspeare's bottles!

The second performance took place on Wednesday.

#### HULLAH AT EXETER HALL.

HANDEL's oratorio, *Jephtha*, was performed on Wednesday night, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, by the members of his upper singing school, assisted by Mr. Willy's concert band. *Jephtha* was the last great work of Handel, who, shortly after its completion, was struck with blindness, from which he never afterwards recovered. The book is one of the weakest ever set to music by Handel. It is divided into three parts: the first treats of the successful battle of Jephtha against the Ammonites; the second, of the fatal vow which binds him to sacrifice his daughter, Iphis, in honor of the victory; the third, of the intervention of the angel, who saves Iphis, and dedicates her to the service of God as a virgin: the loves of Iphis and Hamor are clumsily interwoven, and Storgé and Zebul, the wife and brother of Jephtha, are personages in the drama. The incidents are ill put together, the poetry is the merest bathos, and there is a general lack of interest in the whole. Notwithstanding, however, the few points offered to the composer for grand musical effects—notwithstanding the interminable recitatives and airs which wear the patience of the hearer, there are many passages in the oratorio which proclaim the genius of Handel. Among the finest pieces are the chorus, "O God, behold our sore distress;" the *soprano* air, "The smiling dawn of happy days;" the chorus, "When His loud voice," the tenor song, "Open thy marble jaws;" the *contralto* air, "Let other creatures die;" the chorus, "How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees," which contains the sublime illustration of the words, "Whatever is right,"—

one of Handel's most magnificent inspirations; the well-known tenor recitative, "Deeper and deeper still;" the lovely tenor air, "Waft her angels;" the plaintive and beautiful *soprano* song, "Farewell ye limpid streams;" and the sublime chorus, "Doubtful fear and reverend awe." (Omitted on Wednesday night.) These are all quite worthy of Handel, and to hear them well executed is a handsome return for sitting out the entire work.

The performance on Wednesday night was, on the whole, very creditable to Mr. Hullah's pupils, and to the professional ladies and gentlemen who assisted. It is true that Handel's *Jephtha* was not given in its integrity, and that some of the best pieces were passed over, but it is doubtful whether the patience even of an Exeter Hall audience would be able to stand the test of the whole. The principal vocalists were the Misses A. and M. Williams, Stewart, Duval, Messrs. Sims Reeves, and H. Phillips. Miss A. Williams has rarely been heard to more advantage: she gave the air, "The smiling dawn," with a quietude in keeping with its pastoral character; her intonation was perfect, and her expression instinct with feeling—the encore she obtained could not have been more thoroughly deserved. Miss M. Williams, whose rich *contralto* blends so charmingly with the *soprano* of her sister, also deserved unqualified praise for her singing throughout the oratorio, and especially distinguished herself in the declamatory recitative, "Glad tidings." Mr. Sims Reeves was, as usual, applauded in everything. The enthusiasm he excited was generally well merited; but we must warn this most talented and rising singer against certain defects of style which militate against those natural endowments that have placed him at the head of English tenors, and entitled him to the mantle of Braham, whose voice and manner he frequently brings to mind. Mr. Reeves has acquired a practice of making *crescendos* and *diminuendos* on holding-notes, much too frequently: he is also occasionally uncertain in his intonation, and, at times, is led away, by the temptation of displaying the power and volume of his magnificent voice, to indulge in a habit of vociferating, which is a blemish in vocalisation to be studiously avoided. We have too high an opinion of Mr. Reeves' qualifications, and feel too much interest in the brilliant career that lies before him, not to warn him of the dangers that beset his path, and which, unless avoided in time, may seriously obstruct his progress. He was encored in the recitative, "O Zebul," which he declaimed very finely, and received a similar compliment in "Waft her angels,"—equally well deserved. The choruses were generally well sung, though some unsteadiness was evinced in one or two instances, especially in the elaborate double chorus, "How dark, O Lord," at the end of the first part. Mr. Hullah conducted with a readiness and precision which evidenced a perfect knowledge of the score.

#### MEYERBEER'S "STRUENSÉE" AND PAULINE VIARDOT.

THE following extract from a letter addressed by this celebrated composer to a friend in London, we hasten to publish, since it contains a correction of an error in one of our Philharmonic notices:—

"Some weeks since, I perused a notice in the *Musical World* of the Overture of *Struensee*, performed at the Philharmonic Concerts. It is stated therein, that the principal theme, which forms the subject of all the developments in that overture, is a Swedish national air. This is a mistake: the theme is mine. The mistake has arisen, I imagine, on account of another piece of music, which is in the first *entr'acte* (between the first and second acts) of the tragedy of *Struensee*, being interpolated by me, being the melody of an old Danish air, *König Christian standt am mast* (King Christian stands upright at the mast).

Pray present my most sincere compliments to the beloved Maestro Costa and to our illustrious Pauline Viardot."

Meyerbeer is now in Berlin, after having been a spectator of all the late changes in the French capital, to which he will return in September to superintend the rehearsal of his opera of the *Prophète*, to be produced at the *Théâtre de la Nation* (late *Académie Royale*) in January, 1849. Our readers are aware that Meyerbeer expressly stipulated for the engagements of Madame Viardot and of Roger to play the principal parts, as the primary condition of his producing the *Prophète* in Paris.

## ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 307.)

## CHAPTER XXIV. (a)

I. AGAR—Epopœia ought to have the same kinds as tragedy, "(for it ought to be simple or complex, or moral or pathetic)," and the same parts with the exception of music and spectacle. For there is need of revolutions (*peripetia*), and discoveries and sufferings; and the sentiments and diction should also be appropriate.

II. Of all these Homer first and most fittingly makes use: for of his two poems the *Iliad* is simple and pathetic, while the *Odyssey* is complicated; for there is discovery throughout, and it is moral. Besides this, he has excelled all in diction and in sentiment.

III. The Epopœia differs from tragedy both in length of composition and metre. With respect to length, the proper limit has already been described; the beginning and the end should be comprehensible at one view. "This would be the case, if epic compositions were shorter than the ancient poems, so as to approach the length of the number of tragedies, which are performed at a single hearing."

IV. But the Epopœia has much peculiar to itself, which enables it to extend its magnitude, inasmuch as tragedy will not admit of the representation of many actions taking place at the same time, but only of that one which takes place upon the stage, and in which the actors are employed. But in the Epopœia, from the circumstance that it is narrative, many actions performed at the same time may be introduced, by which, if they are appropriate, the dimension of the poem is increased. This peculiarity of the Epopœia conduces to magnificence, and to the production of variety, and to adornment with dissimilar episodes; for similarity, by soon satiating, causes tragedies to fail.

V. Heroic metre has by experience been deemed fitting for the Epopœia. For if any one were to make a narrative imitation\* in any other metre, or in many metres, it would appear improper. For the heroic is the most solid and capacious of metres, "(wherefore it is best fitted for the reception of foreign expressions and metaphors, for narrative imitation is more copious than any other)," while the iambic and the tetrameter are moveable, the latter being adapted for dancing, the former for acting.

VI. Still more absurd is it if any one mingles metres, like Chæremôn. Hence, no one has made a long composition in any other metre than the heroic, but as we have said, nature itself teaches us to determine that which is appropriate.

VII. Homer, who is worthy of commendation on many other accounts, is so in this: that he alone of the poets, is not ignorant what the poet ought to do in his own person. The poet himself ought to speak as little as possible, for he is

not then an imitator. Now the other poets make their appearance as actors throughout, and imitate but little and seldom. But Homer having made a short introduction, immediately introduces a man or a woman, in a character of some sort;—nothing without character.

VIII. In tragedies the wonderful may be introduced, but the exceedingly improbable (by which the wonderful generally arises) is more admissible in Epopœia, because the person who does the act is not seen: thus, for instance, the pursuit of Hector represented on the stage would appear ridiculous, the Greeks standing still and not following, and Achilles checking them with a nod. In the Epic this passes unnoticed. The wonderful is pleasant, as is shewn by the fact that all who narrate make some additions for the sake of pleasing.

IX. Homer most of all has taught others the art of feigning well. This consists in a paralogism (*sophism*). For men think, that if it follows that because this is, that is, or because this happens, that happens, that then if the latter is, the former is or happens likewise. But this is false. \* \* \* \* \*

X. The poet should choose impossibilities that appear probable, rather than possibilities which are incredible (*b*), and his arguments should not consist of absurd parts: "most of all nothing should be absurd, or if this cannot be avoided, the absurd should lie without the compass of the fable, as, for instance, *Œdipus* does not know how *Laius* died; but this does not occur in the drama, as when, in the *Electra*, the persons describe the Pythian games, or as, in the *Mysians*, the man travels from *Tegea* to *Mysia* without speaking." To say that the fable would be destroyed without these expedients is ridiculous; for such fables ought not to be composed from the beginning. But if the poet has introduced something of the sort, and it is made to appear more rational, it is admissible, even though it be absurd. Thus, in the *Odyssey*, all about the landing is absurd, and would be manifestly so to an intolerable degree, if a bad poet had made it. But here, by embellishing with other beauties, the poet has caused the absurdity to vanish.

XI. The diction ought to be elaborated in the idle parts, in which there are neither characters nor sentiments. A very splendid diction, on the other hand, obscures character and sentiments.

## NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(a). This chapter is of doubtful authenticity; and is, perhaps, an epitome of something written by Aristotle. It is chiefly dedicated to the laudation of Homer, though there is a strangely inconsistent passage in the third section, which is marked as interpolated, and which seems to have emanated from some "fast man" of antiquity.

(b). Among the impossibilities, which appear probable, may be classed a well conducted tale of supernatural agency.

\* i. e. Poem.

## SONNET.

NO. LXXXV.

NAY, blame me not, because I cannot bear  
Upon my heart the slightest, faintest touch,  
Because the texture of that heart is such  
There cannot be a breath too soft to tear.  
Oh, blame me not, that some dark form of care  
Rises 'mid laughter, lest I laugh too much;  
Ready upon my lip the smile to clutch,  
That chill'd and frozen it may wither there.  
It was not in my training to endure;  
On me calamities have fallen light,  
Which, like destruction, waves o'er some have roll'd;  
Hence—hence the wounds within are sharp and sure;  
The crumpled leaf tortures the Sybarite  
More than the thorn the man of harder mould. N. D.



# FRENCH FLOWERS v. THE CHAMPION OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

"A rude upholder of the cause is Dan,  
He rails at those who differ from his clan."—OLD PLAY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—It is almost absurd and condescending to answer the anonymous gentleman who last week wrote abusively of me. Open dealing is far too honorable a thing for such people. But as I value the art more than the pretenders of it, I will state a few truths which may be of service to the Sacred Harmonic Society. W. C. asks if I "have attended the majority of the concerts of this society?" I will answer this question by informing him that it is much easier for boys, girls, and semi-musical people to obtain orders of admission to their concerts than for myself; and why? because their criticism goes for nothing. I have now and then attended their concerts, and have been astonished at the *countryfied* manner of *scrapping through* and *howling out* the choruses of Handel. I choose these expressions as being the most accurate for this occasion. No wonder, then, that the orders were reserved for the kind of people I have named.

I never inferred in my letter that Mr. Surman was a good conductor, although I proved that Mr. Perry was not likely to prove a better one; and it is silly and looks odd to turn off one incapable person and place in his stead one no more able and less practised. If this society do not cut a better figure soon, Mr. Hullah will play sad work with it, and, although many professors jeered at the efforts of this gentleman, they will before long have to compliment him on his perseverance and success. The man whose intention is to improve a society step by step will always gain the advantage over a society which is satisfied with mediocrity. The Sacred Harmonic Society have been stagnant for years, and as much blame is attached to the members of the society as to their late conductor, and a *great deal* more. I have more than once been to their rehearsals, and I frankly confess that the best conductor in the world could be of no advantage, so little attention and order prevailed amongst the active members: for so long as they could hear *themselves* they appeared to be delighted with their performances. I have heard neither one side nor the other as regards Mr. Surman's conduct and the Committee; this is not my affair, but music, and all things relating to music, are matters in which my voice shall be heard, and were I not interested in the welfare of this society, I would not take the trouble to write about it. But Handel's music is worthy of a few insignificant remarks that may be concocted against me; and their cause must be bad indeed if they be obliged to resort to this. Now, in order to render important the shafts of their malevolence, I will make their champion's personal rebuke fall on his own head. W. C. calls my "Essay" "a new theory of counterpoint." It is neither a new theory nor does it treat of counterpoint. The theory of it is founded on the works of Sebastian Bach. If it be "bad," then Dr. Spohr's judgment of it is incorrect; but as Dr. Mendelssohn told Mr. Beale of Regent-street, that I was the best theorist in England, I think the opinion of a presumptuous correspondent goes for nothing. I do not intend to answer any more of these kind of letters, but as it appeared in your intelligent periodical, I consider it better to defend myself. I am always ready for fair argument, and never will I be ashamed to confess myself wrong when my judgment errs.—Yours truly,

3, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

# MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE submit in the best spirit to the strictures of your correspondent "Harmonic" in the last number of the *Musical World* on our hasty notice of the Elijah concert on Easter Monday. "Harmonic" confessed himself one of the sufferers on the occasion, and ought to have been grateful to us for so warmly taking up cudgels on his behalf at the scurvy support afforded to his praiseworthy endeavour by the Manchester public. The true cause of our offending appears to have been the omission of all mention of the Harmonic Society. We beg pardon of our friend, if he will allow us to call him so, but beg to tell him it was from no want of respect for, or ignorance of, the existing musical societies. We quoted the "Gentlemen's Concert," and the "Hargreave's Choral," only because they best served to illustrate our inquiry, why it was that with societies so well supported in the number of subscribers as these two pre-eminently are—Manchester, celebrated as a musical city, should not have furnished a crowded audience on the first opportunity afforded to its inhabitants generally of hearing, in so complete a form and on such moderate terms, Mendelssohn's *chef-d'œuvre*—Elijah? "Harmonic" gives it as his opinion, that a jealous feeling existing in the profession caused much of its failure in a pecuniary sense. Another writer in the *Manchester Guardian* attributes the failure to the excitement of political agitation: we cannot agree with either. How, we would ask, could any jealous feeling in the profession, keep the general public away from a first-rate and cheap concert? True it is, as well as

"Strange such difference there should be,  
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee,"

but we cannot in such difference account for the apathy shewn towards the Elijah? And as to politics—why the very same Free Trade Hall was filled, the Saturday in the same week, to hear (tell it not in Gath) the new Orleans Serenaders!!! The Harmonic Society has done wonders with a very small subscription (only one guinea per annum), although we regret to learn that the times have militated against its interests of late, and caused a very considerable falling off in the number of its subscribers. We should be most happy to record, as your correspondent, the renewal of prosperity to such a society, and to hear of its again numbering its 680 members: the indefatigable research of its clever conductor, D. W. Banks, Esq., has done much to introduce classical works in an English dress, the choruses of Beethoven, his choral fantasia, &c. &c., and is deserving of better support. The Philharmonic Society is we fear, in *articulo mortis*; not so the Glee Club or the Madrigal Society, all of which we have patronized, some by our subscription, all by our attendance, not excepting even the omitted "Harmonic." We did not intend to give a list of all the musical societies of Manchester, or we should not have left out, as "Harmonic" has done, one—the most select and *recherché* of all, and of which we shrewdly suspect him to be a not unworthy member, viz., the Quartet Society, established again this season by our amiable and accomplished leader, Mr. Seymour. We are evidently not known to "Harmonic," or he would not have given us the implied reproof in heading his letter with the quotation:—

"Nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice."—

It is to gratify no such evil propensities that we write these articles—it is not for fee or reward—favour or affection; but from an earnest desire to see a fair and faithful report in the *Musical World* of so much musical doings as come within our

province. We cannot report all, having neither time, means, nor inclination; but in what we do, will to the best of our humble ability be fearless and unbiassed, so long as they are inserted or considered acceptable to your readers. To show your correspondent that we do occasionally patronize a glee club, subjoined is a programme of the closing night, for the present season, of the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Gentlemen's Glee Club:

## PART I.

Chorus—"Hark, hark, each Spartan hound"	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Glee—"Come, Clara"	Spofforth.
Glee—"Hohenlinden"	T. Cooke.
Glee—"The mighty conqueror"	Webbe.
Glee—"Queen of the Valley"	Callcott.
Trio—"Giuro alla terra"	Guglielmi.
Glee and Chorus—"Give me the harp"	Stevenson.

## PART II.

Madrigal—"How merrily we live"	M. Este.
Glee and Chorus—"The cloud-capt towers"	Stevens.
Glee (MS.)—"Within this goblet"	Leeson.
Glee—"Sleep, gentle lady"	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Glee—"Death and Renovation of Bacchus"	Welsh.
Solo and Chorus—"God, save the Queen."	

There was a tolerable attendance of strangers or guests, with but a very thin sprinkling of members present; we are told this is too frequently the case, and that although some few of the subscribers not only are regular in their attendance, but join heart and soul in the performances as amateurs, there is a lamentable lukewarmness and want of that *esprit de corps*, which best keeps up a society of this kind. The vocalists on this occasion were all males, consequently the selection could not be quite so varied as on a ladies' night. There were some old favourites admirably done, as "Hohenlinden," Tom Cooke's fine glee; "Queen of the Valley;" "Giuro alla terra," given with great spirit and humour by Messrs. Watson, James Isherwood, and Gale; "Give me the harp," and "Sleep, gentle lady," encored. Mr. Leeson's manuscript glee was accompanied by himself, and favourably received. This was the last glee club meeting for the season. The Hargreave's Choral Society's last concert for the season takes place to-morrow evening at the Free Trade Hall, and then we have few musical gatherings to look forward to until September or October next, unless Mr. Knowles should be tempted to embark in another Italian Opera speculation at our Theatre Royal again this summer. By the way, how the rival Operas keep it up in London!—how can they pay such double and quadruple companies? Your entertaining reports are read here with very great interest every week.

It is thought by many persons here that if Mademoiselle Jenny Lind should come down in the autumn she will have to lower her terms, or Mr. Knowles will not succeed; the prices last year were extravagant. Many, too, would be glad to see and hear your favourite Alboni.

## THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA AND THE OBSERVER.

[The following letter has been forwarded to us for insertion by the director of the Royal Italian Opera. While according it publicity we cannot but express our deep regret that anything thing of the kind should have occurred. There must be an error somewhere.—ED. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the annexed article, published in Sunday's *Observer* :—

"ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

"It is a melancholy circumstance that the mismanagement of those in authority at this house should have so effectually killed the reputation of Madame Garcia; for it is utterly impossible that it can ever recover the

failure of Tuesday night, and its supplement, the failure of the Saturday Long before the commencement of the season it was announced that Madame Viardot Garcia would appear in *Les Huguenots*, which it was added had been expressly adapted for the theatre by the composer; but yet it is now stated that not a line of the score was ready, and that she was, therefore, actually forced into the part of *Amina*, against her own expressed wish and the constant opposition of her friends and relatives. Why was this poor woman sacrificed, and for what purpose? and how comes it that, with so many boasted resources, the music of an opera announced for the early part of April, not a single bar of it is yet copied for performance in the middle of May? It is cruel and unjust to the reputation of the singer; and albeit it may please the *clique*, which it is understood governs the management, to intrigue away a woman's professional prospects, it will, in the long run, conduce to anything except the prosperity of the establishment.

"Mario, recovered of his 'indisposition,' sang last night with great force and fervour; but, notwithstanding his co-operation, Madame Viardot Garcia failed, in every respect, to recover the ground she has lost, as much through the impolicy or ignorance of the management, as through her own natural inability to compass the character which she represented."

It is quite time that the misrepresentations of the *Observer* should meet with some check. I shall not condescend to the personalities this paper indulges in, by naming the *clique* which governs its operational department. In Madame Viardot's engagement, signed last September, there is a clause placed by her desire to the effect that she was to make her *debut* in either the *Barbiere di Siviglia* or in the *Sonnambula*. As Madame Persiani had already sung the former opera this season, there only remained the latter for her *debut*. Mdlle. Lind's success not authorising any monopoly of that part, the management concurred with Madame Viardot in thinking it a good channel for her first appearance, and the directors, as well as the *artiste*, have every reason to be perfectly gratified with the selection and result. It is true that Madame Viardot Garcia has been announced for the *Huguenots*, and it is true she will soon appear in it; but it is an untruth to state that it was ever announced for the early part of the month of April, or that not a single bar of the opera is yet copied. Such flagrant untruths as these, coupled with the most offensive sarcasms (or criticisms, as the writer, perhaps, think them) directed against the management of the Royal Italian Opera, as well as against Madame Viardot, cannot fail, when they become known to the world, to recoil on the paper which gave them publicity, and on the *clique* whose business it is to concoct them. As a further specimen of the system, and to prove to the public its object, I have only to refer your readers to the *Observer* of last Sunday, giving a most brilliant description of Signor Labocetta's performance of Gennaro in the *Lucrezia Borgia*, the fact being that that *artiste* has never performed in that opera at all, nor was it played on the night in question at Her Majesty's Theatre.

EDWARD DELAFIELD.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden, May 14, 1848.

[The article about Labocetta, alluded to in Mr. Delafield's letter, has been also sent to us. It is as follows :—

"On Tuesday night, *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, and it is but an act of common justice to Labocetta to state, that upon this occasion he acquitted himself in the part of Gennaro with a power, a feeling, an intensity, and an earnestness for which on his first appearance, the critics gave him no credit. He was, in fact, sacrificed to the prevalent east wind; but it is hoped, now that he has recovered his voice, marred by that cruel enemy of all southern constitutions in their advent in this country, the public at large will not be tardy to acknowledge his merits any more than criticism is to repair the wrong which it unconsciously inflicted upon his reputation."

[The kindly feeling involved in the above paragraph—a feeling, indeed, that may be pronounced chivalrous, since exercised in favor of an unfortunate *primo tenore* who made

less impression at his *debut* than he expected—might, we think, have shut the mouth of objection, and stretched out the hand of sympathy on this occasion. But, alas! all folks do not view intentions through the same kind of spectacles, and what was meant by the writer in the *Observer* in pure christian charity, has been visited on his head as an offence.—ED. M. W.]

#### ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert took place on Wednesday night, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. The programme, though not remarkable for novelties, offered many excellent points, and the general performance was highly satisfactory. A selection from the *Clemenza di Tito* of Mozart, consisting of the overture, a march, and the chorus, "Serbate, o Dei custodi," well executed, opened the concert. The overture was taken in spirited time—a fact worth noting, from its rarity at these concerts. The two following pieces—a recitative and air of Mozart, "Deh vieni," (*Figaro*) and the air, "Vengo a voi," from Zingarelli's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the former sung by Miss Messent, the latter by Madame Caradori, call for no remark. Miss Dolby did her best for Dr. Arne's air, "How cheerful along the gay mead," which nothing but first-rate singing can render tolerable. The *motetto*, "I cieli immensi narrano," (with chorus) introduced Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia to the Ancient Concerts; her singing was full of energy and refinement, evidencing the skill and experience of a first-rate musician: the impression produced was something unusual at these meetings. The great scene of Orestes and the Eumenides (the "dream") from Gluck's *Ifigenia in Tauride*, was very admirably performed: Signor Tamburini's reading of the solos of Orestes was highly poetical and effective. Handel's "Dove sei," from *Rodelinda*, an operatic air well known through an English version to sacred words, "Holy, holy!" was beautifully sung by Madlle. Alboni, who produced a much better effect than that to which we have been accustomed, by taking the time of the second part a little faster than usual, and further, by rendering it in the original key (E): she also imparted a certain gracefulness to the phrasing, which entirely divested it of the monotony by which it is in some measure characterised. A selection from a masque, by Matthew Locke, called *Cupid and Death* (some of the music of which was supplied by Christopher Gibbons, Locke's preceptor), was done for the first time; this consisted of solos by Madame Caradori and Mr. Machin, and choruses; it is dry and characterless, and only interesting as a curiosity. Pergolesi's plaintive *Sicilienne*, "Ogni pena," was interpreted by Madame Viardot with a melancholy sweetness that was perfectly exquisite; the quaint intervals of fifths, which form a melodious sequence in the second part, were uttered with singular purity of intonation, and simplicity of character. The first part concluded with a selection from Handel's *St. Cecilia*, in which Madame Caradori undertook the recitative and solo.

The second part opened with the overture to *Fidelio*, a very slovenly performance: the *adagio* was terribly dragged by the conductor, and the *allegro* scrambled through in a manner anything but edifying. Alboni sang the "Voi che sapete" with that delightful combination of passion and playfulness which renders this one of the most thoroughly captivating and irresistible of her performances. As a cotemporary remarks, speaking of her performance in *Figaro*,—"The lovely and passionate melodies which Mozart has put in the mouth of the enthusiastic Cherubino were never uttered by a voice more sympathetic, and more eminently fitted to interpret them."

In short, Alboni is never, to our thinking, more completely herself than when singing the divine phrases of Mozart. Mr. Sims Reeves, in the recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and the subsequent air, "Waft her angels," displayed the power and fine quality of his voice to great advantage; his conception was thoroughly artist-like. Madlle. de Mendi (a cousin of Madame Garcia) exhibited considerable cleverness in Handel's recitative and air, "Piangero la sorte mia," from *Giulio Cesare*, a somewhat heavy affair; Miss Dolby, Messrs. S. Reeves, T. Williams, and Machin, in Bishop's round, "Hark to the Indian Drum," sang as well as could be desired, and a solo and chorus from Gluck's *Elena e Paride*, "Non sdegnare," well known at these concerts, was accurately performed, Madame Caradori taking the solo. But the grand feature of the second part was the magnificent recitative and air from Mozart's *Così fan Tutti*, "Ei parte," which has been from time to time the test of power for the most illustrious vocalists,—Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, &c., among the foremost. Madame Viardot's conception and execution of this fine composition were in the highest degree artistic; her recitative was nobly declaimed, with all that variety of expression suggested by the words and so forcibly painted by the music. The slow movement ("Per pietà") was, at the outset, a little over-refined, but the remainder was irreproachable. The recitative and duet, from Purcell's *Bonduca*, "To arms," rendered with vigour and dramatic feeling by Messrs. Sims Reeves and Machin, concluded the concert. The room was more than half filled.

#### APOTHEGMS.

XIII. MONEY is the barrier between desire and possession; the honest man climbs over it, but the thief clears it at a leap.

XIV. Critics who deal in general abuse think themselves independent, but they are the slaves of their own malice.

#### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert was given on Monday evening. The instrumental pieces consisted, with one exception, of established favorites. The one novelty was an overture, by Mr. J. H. Griesbach, entitled *Titania*—a piece of music, having for its text the lines from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*—

*Titania*.—If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, dance with us.

Haydn's Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4 of the Saloman series) headed the programme. This symphony (one of the finest in the set) strikingly exemplifies the author's genius for contrast—the power with which he could dismiss from memory the last piece of composition, and invoke a new and utterly different class of ideas. The opening *allegro* has a grand form, with that natural grace that is so striking a characteristic of Haydn's genius; the *andante* is one of the master's happiest effusions; the *minuetto* is full of life and vigour; and the *finale*, trite as is the subject, a master-piece of ingenious workmanship. The style of each movement was delineated by the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's steady baton, to perfection. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, the soloist of the evening, played Mozart's splendid pianoforte concerto in D minor, which (like the symphony just mentioned) has not been heard at these concerts for several years. Mozart wrote it in 1785, and played it himself at the first of his own subscription concerts. Being occupied till the last moment with its composition, he was obliged to play it in public without a single rehearsal. The first movement, in D



minor—an effusion of passion and melancholy—appeals to the heart with an earnestness and fascination peculiarly Mozart's. The *andante* in B flat is one of those inspirations of genius that hold the hearer bound from the first bar to the close. It was rapturously received. The concluding rondo in D minor, has a passionate theme, in the treatment of which the author has displayed all the resources of the instrument, and given ample scope to the executive powers of the pianist. Would that modern writers for the piano could practice the lesson Mozart has taught them in this charming composition, where the *bravura* passages are made subservient to musical consistency, and never introduced regardless of form, for mere mechanical display. Then would the performance of a concerto or a fantasia be a source of pleasure instead of a trial of patience! Mr. Bennett's performance was faultless; distinguished, as usual, by the utmost refinement of manner and feeling, the most perfect clearness of definition, and a pearly smoothness and purity of tone, of which he is now (that poor Mendelssohn is gone) almost the monopolist: in short, execution and style were equally irreproachable; the *cadenzas* introduced in the *allegro* and *finale* would not have disgraced the composer of the concerto. Mr. Bennett's qualifications as an interpreter of the highest order of music were indeed never more remarkably evidenced, and the applause with which he was greeted was enthusiastic. Mr. Griesbach's overture concluded the first act. It is evidently the production of an accomplished musician; ably scored, clever, and brilliant. It was played in excellent style, and very warmly received. The success of this composition of an English musician will, we trust, make an opening for further experiments of the kind. We entirely agree with the writer in the *Chronicle*, who observes:—

"We hope this overture will be followed by further contributions from our native musicians, who have been very unfairly neglected by the directors of this exclusive society. The works of Macfarren, Mudie, Henry Smart, Edward Loder, &c., not to mention those of Sterndale Bennett, which have excited something like respect, though not one-half the attention due to their merits, are well worth the consideration of the society. The twaddling prejudice against home talent is now universally ridiculed, and it is high time to put an end to it altogether. Let Mr. Griesbach's overture be the beacon to light the way to a reformation urgently demanded."

Part II. opened with Beethoven's beautiful Symphony in F, one of the well known and great favourites, remarkable for its largeness of ideas, ingenuity of combinations, exuberant and captivating melodies, and bold and picturesque effects. The delicate *allegretto scherzando* in B flat, was played deliciously, and encored. There was indeed no fault in the performance of this difficult work, except the horn passage in the trio, which always appears to trouble the *corno primo*. The matchless overture to *Zauberflöte*, one of the grandest inspirations of Mozart, was the last instrumental piece and concluded the concert.

The vocalists were Mad. Castellan and Sig. Mario. The lady exhibited admirable taste in selecting her songs. The first, Beethoven's superb "Ah perfido," with the lovely air, "Per pietà," was delivered with great earnestness and feeling, while, in happy contrast, she afterwards sang Mozart's joyous and beautiful "Come scoglio," from *Così fan Tutte*, with delightful ease and truth. Signor Mario's ripe and luscious voice, with which none other will bear comparison, on Monday evening was in its finest condition; he sang Donizetti's duet, "Un tenore core," with Mad. Castellan, and was loudly encored in Mercadante's air, a compliment much more due to his refined and masterly singing than to the merits of the music. Why did not Mario give us "Il mio

tesoro," and "Adelaida," with Costa's accompaniment? How much more welcome would these have been.

We conclude with the programme in its printed form:—

## PART I.

Sinfonia in B flat, No. 4 . . . . .	Haydn.
Duo, "Un tenero core," (Roberto Devereux)	
Mad. Castellan and Sig. Mario . . . . .	Donizetti.
Concerto in D minor, Pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett . . . . .	Mozart.
Scena, "Ah! perfido," Mad. Castellan . . . . .	Beethoven.
Overture, "Titania," MS. . . . .	J. H. Griesbach.
(First time of performance.)	

## PART II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8 . . . . .	Beethoven.
Rymanza, "In terra ci dividerò," (Le Due Illustri Rivali), Sig. Mario . . . . .	Mercadante.
Aria, "Come scoglio," (Così fan Tutte), Madame Castellan . . . . .	Mozart.
Overture, "Zauberflöte" . . . . .	Mozart.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

Altogether this was almost an irreproachable concert.

## EPHEMERIDES.

## NO. XV.

Kisses are the coin of Love, sweet heart—  
Mine common silver, thine refined gold;  
Our souls the merchants, and our lips the mart,  
Where the sweet goods of love are bought and sold.

## NO. XVI.

## PARADISE LOST.

Ah, that bright world of love thy smiles did make,  
Where all was joy, nor ever care was known,  
Save at what fount my thirsting I should slake—  
With what new flowers weave myself a crown:

Its glory now is melted into gloom,  
Leaving the curse of memory alone  
To blight each joy that struggles into bloom  
With thoughts of higher bliss for ever gone.

## NO. XVII.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

CECILIA's soft caressing eye  
Doth heal the wound proud Laura made;  
Kate's prattle bids the moments fly  
The lingering thought of Bella stay'd.  
Fair Phebe's kisses are more sweet;  
Dark Adelalde's more full of fire;—  
The dawn of love one seems to greet,  
The other hails his full empire.

I'm glad th' engrossing sun is set,  
Whose envious brightness robb'd my sight  
Of all these precious stars that fret  
The welkin with their varied light.

## XVIII.

Pale shade that hauntest still with mournful eyes  
The changeful wand'rings of my thought;  
Dost grieve to see that I am not more wise,  
That time so little fruit hath brought.

Since o'er thy nameless grave I wept, nine years  
Have cast their shadows o'er my heart;  
Yet still from the same source do spring the tears  
That flow, when I have played my part.

OPHIS.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.—A new play of very considerable merit was, on Wednesday last, produced at this theatre. The author is Mr. Spicer, whose *Honesty* and *Judge Jeffreys* are already known to the public. The name of his present work is *The Lords of Ellingham*. Although it can scarcely be called historical, it is

connected with history by means of the conspiracy known by the name of the "Bye," or the "Surprising plot." Its object was to seize the King, convey him to a place of confinement, and there oblige him to secure toleration to Catholics, dismiss his Privy Council, and give the principal places in the State to the chief conspirators. The plot proved an utter failure; the principal conspirators were arrested and some were executed. In the time of this conspiracy has Mr. Spicer laid the action of his play. A gentleman, named Dudley Latymer, who has recently married his cousin, Edith, is implicated in the plot against James. His confidence in a cousin, named Lawrency, is misplaced; Lawrency himself loves Edith, hates Latymer for having supplanted him, and still hopes to gain possession of his wife. He therefore enters the conspiracy in the capacity of a spy, and in the hope of getting Latymer completely in his power. His plan is successful, a scene takes place in which the conspirators are arrested, and Latymer is consigned to prison. In this prison, however, exist the means of retribution against Lawrency. He has seduced the gaoler's daughter, whom he now treats with brutality, and the desperate girl assists Latymer to escape, on his promise to avenge her wrongs, at the very moment when Lawrency supposes he is murdered by the gaoler, whom he has persuaded to commit this act by engaging to marry his daughter. The estates of Latymer are confiscated, Lawrency becomes their possessor, and also has Edith in his grasp. In a scene of much power he sets before her all the horrors which attended the punishment of high treason, and offers to save the life of her husband if she will agree to become his mistress. She seemingly consents, but takes poison, so that when her husband returns to her full of hope and joy she dies in his arms. Lawrency, who is alone anticipating an interview with Edith, is stricken with horror at the appearance of Latymer, whom he has supposed dead, and still more so when his wronged cousin has the corpse of Edith brought upon the stage—an effect borrowed, perhaps, from that of the coffins in *Lucrece Borgia*. Lawrency has, however, contrived to poison Latymer with a cup of wine, and is himself poisoned by the gaoler's daughter, who has attended him in the disguise of a page. In the conception of this play there is considerable boldness. The selection of the "bad character" as the principal personage reminds one of Massinger, who is never more delighted than when he is elaborating one of his terrible villains. The author has well rendered the audacious badness of Lawrency, and at the same time made him interesting by giving prominence to his love and bitterness. In the earlier part of the drama he is not aware of Edith's marriage, and his supplication to her not to call forth the evil part of his nature is written with pathos and feeling. When this is called, indeed, forth, he resolutely stands to his position, and at the end retains sufficient audacity to curse Latymer, even in the presence of Edith's corpse. This character is well adapted to Mr. Gustavus Brooke, who has no lack of restless energy, and positive power to embody such a character. The tender love of Edith, the desponding devotion of the gaoler's daughter, which afterwards turns to hatred, the surly gaoler, brutal by nature, and rendered more brutal by the dishonour of his daughter, are all forcibly drawn passages, and were forcibly given by the actor. Mrs. Mowatt, as the lady, shows readiness in the conception of a new character. The attachment of Edith to her husband is sweetly interpreted, the by-play of scorn, when listening to the professions of Lawrency, is skilfully introduced and the death is managed with a great deal of effect. We regret to say that on Monday night she hurt herself by the fall, and was obliged to appear at the conclusion with her head bandaged. The other principal parts were well filled by

Mr. Davenport, Miss Duret, and Mr. Edward Stirling. The fault of the piece lies in its construction. The play comes out rather in isolated portions than as an organized whole. The writing, as far as we can judge without a book before us, is careful and forcible. The applause of the audience at the conclusion was very great, the principal actors were called, and Mrs. Mowatt was honored by a large shower of bouquets.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—*Christophe le Cordier*, *La Veuve Piachon*, and *La vie en partie double*, have delighted the public of this theatre, and drawn some of the best houses we have seen this year. We must not forget *L'Aumonier du Régiment*, one of those hearty, simple, affecting little dramas of which the Michel Perrin of M. Scribe was the prototype, and which never fail to please by their very simplicity. We have high authority for saying that the theatre is the mirror of nature, and taking it for granted that such is the case, we submit that the contemplation of such portraits as that of the Aumonier, speaks favourably for the present condition and manners of the priesthood, as compared to what it was fifty years back; and is prone to engender feelings of kindness and conciliation between the people at large and the order which he is designed to typify. This piece was produced ten or twelve years ago, it has firmly held its place on the stage, and will continue to do so as long as such actors as M. Achard are found to play in it, and delight us by the genuine simplicity and pathos which they throw into the part. *La vie en partie double* is new to this theatre, although not so to the English public, it having been produced at the Princess's under the title of the *First Floor*. The story turns on the struggle between love and interest in the heart of a young gentleman; love bids him to direct his attentions to a young grisette, and interest to a builder's daughter: during the time the struggle lasts, unable to decide upon either, he makes proposals to and is accepted by both. It happens that both ladies live in the same house, nay on the same floor, their relative apartments being divided by a very thin partition; and the humour of the piece consists in the gallant's running from one mistress to the other, and getting involved in sundry dilemmas, from the jealousy which his suspicious conduct excites in the breasts of the fair ones. Ultimately love triumphs over interest, and our friend M. Théophile marries the poor grisette, leaving the other damsel to console herself with a musical cousin, who has been attempting to ingratiate himself into her favour. M. Achard played the hero to perfection, and was well supported by Mlle. Désirée, who looked the prettiest and most piquante of grisettes.

J. de C.

#### CONCERTS.

MESSRS. HENRY AND RICHARD BLAGROVE'S First Quartet and Solo Concert came off on Monday, the 10th inst., at the Mortimer Street Concert Rooms, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. The vocalists were the Misses Williams, Miss Ransford, and Mr. W. Farren, who exerted themselves most successfully on the occasion. The instrumentalists were Messrs. H. Blagrove, H. C. Cooper, R. Blagrove (concertina and viola), W. Blagrove, Lucas, and Rowland; by whom the following classical pieces were performed:—*Quintet* in D major for 2 violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra basso—Onslow; *Quartet*, No. 6, in B flat major—Beethoven; *Sestet*, No. 2, in A, for 2 violins, viola, violoncello, and double bass—Mayseder. The first violin was taken by Henry Blagrove, whose chaste style and correct interpretation of classical chamber music have long been acknowledged. He was ably supported by H. C. Cooper, whose performance on the occasion deserved especial notice. But as



we understand he is to play a concerto at the Concert to be given by the Philharmonic Society, on Monday, June 12th, we shall defer to that time any lengthened notice of his artistic acquirements. Mr. R. Blagrove is one of our most rising tenor players, and improves yearly. Mr. Rowland, the contrabassist, promises at no distant period to rival Howell himself; he played his part in the sextet admirably. Mr. Lucas needs no eulogy here. In the course of the concert there were two solos—by H. Blagrove (violin), and R. Blagrove (concertina); they were both executed with great brilliancy and elicited deserved applause. Mr. Charles Blagrove presided at the piano. The vocal music was well chosen, and we regret not to have space to speak of it in detail. Mr. W. Farren, being a young beginner, merits a line to say that he is evidently improving.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ACADEMY.**—On Monday morning, Mr. Howard Glover gave his first academical concert in Soho Square. The occasion was interesting, being in fact the opening exposition of his powers as an instructor, displayed in the proficiency of those pupils who, three months back, commenced their vocal studies under his care. The object of the new academy is to educate for the concert room or theatre. In the latter department the name of Mrs. Glover, at once the mother of the stage, and in fire and intellect, its youngest and most valuable ornament—is a guarantee as much above question as her genius is above criticism. No one doubts, no one dreams of doubting, that her pupils will gain all they can take from her or from any one. But Mr. Howard Glover was untried. His talents, indeed, were known throughout the private musical circles of Germany and Italy, in both of which countries he had studied for years under the best masters. His first concert in England, too, introduced him favourably to the public. But the introduction was not sufficiently backed up by other appearances. It was therefore a matter of anxiety to see what the result of his experiment in the new academy would prove. We may state at once that it was highly satisfactory. There is no doubt that Mr. Glover is a teacher as well as a musician: and we cannot but express our regret that he did not indulge his audience with more than one piece of his composition—genuine music, without doubt. But to return to Mr. Glover's pupils. Here were several young ladies singing in the most creditable manner, so that we must look far for a concert so evenly good throughout as this first exhibition of what may be done for the student in the Soho Academy. Nor can we help saying, that while his pupils have been most fortunate in their selection of a master, the master has to congratulate himself on his pupils. It was really refreshing to hear those young ladies sing, with good voices, and a good earnest fervour, as if they felt that they were fighting the battle of their instructor's reputation with weapons which he had given them. It would be wrong to particularize, if for no other reason than because it is not yet time for them to look for fame. If they would fully avail themselves of their advantages, they must be content to work steadily on for the sake of a future reward. And we would earnestly impress upon their minds the danger of wishing to realize too soon. But as far as general encouragement goes, we can honestly say, that we expect much from them hereafter; and we shall be disappointed if some, to whose early efforts we listened on Monday, do not one day bear out our expectations. The want of an institution where the study of music might be so combined with that of the drama as to produce well-trained artists for the operatic stage as well as the concert room has been long severely felt in England. Most of our vocalists,

however successful in the limited sphere of the concert-room, have hitherto cut but a sorry figure upon the stage. The reason was the absence of anything like a school in this country for dramatic aspirants. The French manage these things better. Their best vocalists have been trained to the stage by such artistes as Talma, Mars, &c. &c., and the illustrious names of Duprez, Nourrit, Levasseur, Falcon, Roger, &c. &c., sufficiently attest the excellence of the system. The new "Musical and Dramatic Academy," in Soho-square, promises to supply our deficiency in this respect.

The first concert of Monday, then, was in every respect highly satisfactory. The classical character of the programme reflected great credit upon Mr. Howard Glover, whose musician-like taste and intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters eminently befitted him for the task he has imposed upon himself; and the vocalists acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their friends. Miss E. J. Taylor sung Mozart's "Al Desio" very charmingly. Mr. Delavanti deserves honorable mention for his careful interpretation of Spohr's difficult scene from *Faust*. Miss Rowland evinced great pathos and intensity in a romanza by Mr. Howard Glover, and considerable dramatic talent in a trio "My Lady the Countess" by Cimarosa. Miss Julia Bleaden was highly successful in Meyerbeer's trying aria, "Idole de ma Vie," and Miss Emily Macnamara made a favourable impression in a duet by Rossini. The concerted pieces by Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., were performed by the Misses Bland, Edgar, Kate Macnamara, Brooke, Master Warde, Messrs. Day, Courtney, &c., and were executed with great precision and effect. The selection of pieces was excellent, and Mr. Glover conducted at the piano with a confident anxiety, if we may use such a term, which showed that he felt the ordeal was trying, but knew that his work had been properly put out of hand, and must be approved. The rooms were crowded. Mr. Glover, by this first demonstration, has shown the value of the institution of which he is the founder. Its success is as complete as could have been wished by its warmest friends.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE has been nothing new since our last.

On Saturday, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated, interrupted by a divertissement for Marie Taglioni, between the acts, and followed by the ballet of *Alma*—new version.

On Tuesday the *Sonnambula*—ditto ditto.

On Thursday *La Figlia*, once more, with a divertissement between the acts for St. Leon and Cerito, and Paul Taglioni's ballet, *Florita ou la Reine des Elfes*.

To-night the long-expected Tadolini will positively appear in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, with Sims Reeves as Carlo, Lablache as the Prefetto, F. Lablache as the Marchese, Coletti as Antonio, and the charming Mdlle Schwartz as Pierotto. The cast is very strong, and a great evening may be expected for the connoisseurs. Tadolini, it is expected, will make Jenny Lind look sharp after her laurels. Time will show however. The engagement of Sims Reeves was a good notion of Mr. Lumley's; we little doubt but that our English tenor will do credit to his name and to his country.

The *Lucia* is in preparation, and will be the next opera for Lind. Gardoni is to be the Edgardo.

Carlotta Grisi has arrived, and will shortly make her *reentrée* in Perrot's admirable *Pas des Elemens*. The arrival of Carlotta has put the seal upon Mr. Lumley's ballet, and consummated it the most perfect in the world—perhaps the most perfect ever known. Meanwhile Perrot must not be idle. Of late he has

been resting on his laurels. But Perrot is a genius, and that he has got something attractive in embryo we have little doubt. We understand that the *ballet* of the *Cinq Sens* is abandoned. Something new, however, must be invented for Carlotta.

*En passant*—the "Lind furore" prevails with little diminution—the pulse of the public is still at fever-height, and much guineas are rolling into the treasury. The houses continue to be great.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

CIRCUMSTANCES compel us to be briefer than usual with our weekly operatic record. A bare outline of the events that have taken place since our last must suffice.

On Saturday Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia made her second appearance as Amina, in the *Sonnambula*. Her performance of this evening was quite a different affair from that which it was our duty to record last week. The presence of Mario was a healthy restoration to the faculties of Malibran's accomplished sister, and Pauline showed herself worthy to wear the laurels of Maria Felicia.

Made. Viardot's talent is one that grows unconsciously upon you, until at last you are blind to its imperfections. The voice penetrates to the heart by its sympathetic tones, and you forget every thing in it but its touching and affecting quality. You care little or nothing for the mechanism, or rather for the weakness of the organ; you are no longer a critic, but spell-bound under the influence of genius, moved by the sway of the enthusiasm that comes from the soul, abashed in the presence of intellect, you can but cry out, "This woman—like Malibran—may sing better or worse, in tune or out of tune, with perfect or imperfect execution, in voice or out of voice, but she always sings well—*canto e incanto*." Then the impetuous feeling, the delicate sensibility, the variety of expression, the intensity of manner, the overwhelming passion exhibited in her acting, who can resist?—not we, not any one that knows where truth and beauty are, and knowing adores them.

Made. Viardot's performance on Saturday night was from first to last a triumph; we shall not descend to details; it is enough to say as much as we have said to make our meaning understood. The audience was in raptures—after the first act as after the last, after the last as after the first. The effect of the bed-room scene leaves the tongue of the narrator speechless—the effect of the mill scene loosens it once more into eloquence—the first is despair, the last exultation, both depicted with the highest dramatic power; after the first we are inclined to weep for very sympathy, after the second to laugh for very sympathy; in both we acknowledge the magic power of the artist over our feelings. And all this of a performance that, "speaking in the palace of Truth," has as many faults as beauties—but they are the faults of genius, the errors of enthusiasm, and an intelligent audience loves them as a lover loves the personal defects of his mistress.

Mario was in his best mood; never, perhaps, did his delicious bell-toned voice ring more gorgeously, or invade the air with sounds more sonorous and mellifluous. We need not dilate upon his performance of Elvino; it is too thoroughly known and appreciated; it is enough to say that he acted more finely than we have ever seen him act, that his presence in the great scenes with Amina was of incomparable value to Made. Viardot, and that the audience rewarded his exertions with tumultuous plaudits, at every point that could possibly be seized upon.

Of Tamburini's Rodolpho, a performance, though small, not easily matched; and of the youthful and lovely Corbari as Lisa—which has only this one drawback, that no one can be

made to believe that a hard heart lies under that soft womanly breast, or that an ill spirit can lurk in those eyes that sparkle with goodness, and only kill by kindness and sweet looks—we have spoken in befitting terms last week, and were we to write again could only echo what we have already uttered. The "Vi raveso," of Tamburini, and the Donizetti *cavatina* which Corbari coquettishly introduces into the last scene, were both greatly and deservedly applauded.

The band and chorus were faultless, and M. Costa was himself again.

The ordinary ballet followed.

On Tuesday, after a very fine performance (for the last time) of *La Donna del Lago*, in which Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini, were as conspicuous as ever, and the band and chorus in admirable "fighting order," a new *ballet divertissement* was introduced, under the name of *Nirène, ou les Sens*. The origin of this *ballet* is, we are told, the *Cinq Sens*, in which the inimitable Carlotta Grisi so recently added a new triumph to her very long catalogue. The *Chronicle* says it is "the *Cinq Sens*, with the dancing left out," wherein the *Chronicle* shows himself more witty than just; for albeit pretty little Leopoldine Brussi be not precisely Carlotta, nor pretty little Melina Marmet precisely Cerito, they have still claims to consideration that should have shut the mouth of censure which the *Chronicle* is so addicted to open wide when the Royal Italian Opera is on the *tapis*. But this *en parenthèse*—without brackets.

The plot of *Nirène* may be told with little ado. Azhim, a Persian prince, is beloved by and loves *Nirène*, a Persian princess. But he does not know the princess is a princess, and so becomes inconstant, and leads a life of sloth and voluptuousness, and luxuriousness, and so forth, with many *et ceteras*. While he is thus dosing away his precious existence, *Nirène*, still constant, feels much solicitude for her lover, and consults Azriel, a benevolently inclined fairy, as to the matter in hand, who straightway presents her with a flower, by power of whose concealed virtues she can, at will, rob Azhim of those senses which have been his bane, and also with a scarf, by means of which she can render herself as invisible as the Spanish fleet that was out of sight. Thus armed, *Nirène* proceeds to the scene of her lover's debaucheries, and makes a great ado, and one by one, deprives him of his senses, until, so to speak, he becomes a prince without any sense at all. And so this nonsensical prince (by some *ballet* contrivance, that we failed to make out,) is wiled away to a garden in the palace of *Nirène*—who, be it remarked, is also a princess—and there a grand festivity is prepared, in honour of his arrival. And, one by one, *Nirène* restores his senses to Azhim, who becoming more and more sensible by degrees, at length, a perfect man of sense, appreciates the beauty, and the worth, and the constancy of *Nirène*, and throws himself full length at her feet. What ensues need hardly to be told in these times when every new tale is an old one.

This plot is made the vehicle for some very splendid scenery by Grieve—whose brush would appear to be evergreen, by the continued freshness of its pencillings—and some fine dresses, and some admirable groupings, and some pretty dances, and in short for the continual and advantageous exercise of two or three of the principals and the most numerous body of *coryphées* we ever beheld upon the stage of Covent Garden Theatre or any other.

Mdlle. Brussi acted with considerable animation, and danced with zeal the part of *Nirène*. M. Gontie was vigorous and romantic as the Prince Azhim; Mr. W. H. Payne was a capital squire, very inquisitive and very humorous; Mr. O'Bryan

was a fierce proposer of his daughter's hand in marriage to the Prince; and Mdlles Langher, Honoré, Celeste Stephan, and O'Bryan were useful and intelligent in the small parts they had to enact. The first *tableau*, which illustrates the luxurious life of Azhim, wants cutting; even M. Gontio's acting, which is energetic and full of gestures, cannot make it untidious, nor Mdlle. Brussi's dancing, which is nimble, neither. But the second *tableau* is one of the most picturesque and beautiful combinations of scenic, floral, and choreographic effects we ever recollect to have seen. One point was quite novel. The *coryphées*, in number legion, come upon the stage with hands full of flowers and branches of olive, and bunches of odoriferous blossoms, and green leaves, and what not? With these, instead of performing the ordinary flower dance, which, like the ordinary shawl dance, has become very slow by familiarity, and was consequently expected, the *coryphées* let fall their verdant burdens from their heads and hands, and lo! a pleasant *parterre*, as in a fair garden, was visible, laid out with all sorts of cunning devices, and with a goodly variety of distribution. In the midst, and between the component beds, and round, and over, and about this *parterre*, Mdlle. Melina Marmet, of whom we have so frequently spoken in terms of strong eulogy, performed a number of sparkling steps and graceful gyrations, pleasant to look upon. Anon the *parterre* was *ramassé*, and once more the hands of the dancing girls were full, and their heads heavily laden; but ere the eye could repose upon this seemingly *melée* of white hands and whiter necks, and red and blue and white and yellow flowers, green leaves and brown stems, and twigs and branches, again the woody, leafy, petaly burdens were abandoned, and yet a second *parterre* lay stretched before the view; and so on till the end of the scene, when the stage assumed the appearance of a moving orchard, and the girls looked like ripe apples hanging in the green and brown luxuriance of a crowded orchard. We never saw anything prettier.

In the whole of this scene Mdlle. Marmet's dancing was graceful and agile in a degree far beyond the ordinary, and more than justified all we have advanced in her favour.

The ballet is due to Signor Appiani. How far he has departed from, or how far adhered, to the French text we cannot say. For the groupings, &c., great credit is due to him; and to Mr. O'Bryan his zealous co-operator and "Regisseur." To Mr. Gye's experience in these matters are due, we understand, the floral wonders. To M. Biletta we are indebted for some clever, well instrumented, and brilliant music, which though three parts of it is written in D flat, and other unchoreographic keys, is little the worse for that.

The ballet was well received throughout, and the last scene enthusiastically applauded; its success was complete.

We have but short space left for the *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was produced on Thursday, for the first time this season. The great points of this splendid performance are well known. Suffice it that we never heard the opera to greater advantage than on Thursday. Grisi was sublime, and as is usual with her when roused by any extraordinary event (or any prophetic shadow of rivalry) to increased exertion, completely carried her audience away with her. Her three great scenes—the *exposé* before Gennaro, when Orsini tears the mask from her face; the grand scene with Alphonso and Gennaro, which terminates with her administering the antidote to the latter; and the catastrophe of Gennaro's death, when she casts herself in despair upon his body—were magnificent efforts of genius and art. Her singing was admirable throughout, but we cannot stop now to specialize points, nor is it necessary where all was so admirable,

Mario was in fine voice, and sang deliciously. The "Deh Pescator" was delivered with the perfection of graceful simplicity. The acting of this accomplished singer was first-rate; his last scene was full of great points, and one particularly struck us as a master-stroke of genius: it is when Lucrezia tells him there is only enough of the antidote left in the phial to serve for himself, and none for his friends; the manner in which Mario uttered the words

"Ei non basto? Allor Signora  
Morrem tutti!"

was vividly instinct with the consciousness that all hope was gone, and the heroic resolution of dying with his ill-fated comrades; nothing indeed could have been finer. In the third act Mario sang the graceful cavatina composed for him by Signor Schirra, "Io pur sentii," which he first introduced last season.

Tamburini's Alphonso ranks among his finest impersonations; it is throughout a masterly piece of tragic acting, surpassed by few things of its kind. Nothing could be more able and effective than his singing in the well-known trio, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto," one of the great dramatic points of the opera.

Alboni's Maffeo Orsini comes last, not least. The hearty recklessness and easy *nonchalance* which marks her reading of this part prove her to be no less an actress than a singer. Every one knows the much that Alboni makes out of the little which this opera affords her for vocal display. There are only two opportunities, and one of these can scarcely be called an opportunity at all. The first and the least is the little romance, "Nella fatal di Rimini;" this was sung by Alboni with a mellow ripeness of tone that was quite enchanting. But the second, the *ballata*, "In segreto per esser felici," the famous *brindisi*, turned out this season, as last, Alboni's grand point. The audience did not, as they did last season, interrupt the effect of the voices behind the scenes, singing the prophetic dirge—

"La gioja de' profani,  
E, un fumo passegger,"

which offers such a startling contrast with the sparkling joviality of the *brindisi*, but waited till the end of the second verse, when they rewarded Alboni with such a salvo of acclamations that we thought the house was coming about our ears. Three times was the charming *contralto* compelled to repeat the song, which, with the once preceeding the dirge, made four times. If you want to hear a delicious pearly *trillo*, as clear as glass, and as smooth as marble, listen to Alboni singing the second verse of the "Il Segreto."

The other encores were the festival chorus, "Bando a si triste immagini," in which Marini, Tagliafico, Rovere, Polonini, Rache, and other principals, join the body of choristers, producing an astounding effect; and the slow movement of the great trio in the second act. Indeed, the effect of the band and chorus throughout the opera was marvellous.

After *Lucrezia*, Madame Viardot Garcia sang the last scene of *La Sonnambula*. She was received with immense enthusiasm, and was encored with acclamations in the "Ah! non giunge."

The new ballet concluded the performances.

To-night *Lucrezia* will be repeated. On Tuesday, *La Favorita* will be given, in which the *mise en scène*, we understand, is to beat all that has been seen even at this theatre. Apropos of *La Favorita*, the subjoined is one of several letters addressed us with a similar purport:—



Friday, May 19th, 1848.

"Sir,—Can you inform me how it is that Ronconi is not to sing in the *"Favorita,"* advertised to be produced at Covent Garden on Tuesday, 19th inst.?"

"In haste, your obedient servant,"

"H. D."

We are unable to answer this question. All we can say is, that the loss of Ronconi will be a serious one to the cast; and indeed the absence of this great artist of late is as difficult to understand by the uninitiated, as the sudden and unaccountable withdrawal of *Cenerentola*, certainly the most brilliant success that has been achieved for many a day within the walls of a theatre.

But stop—*Cenerentola* is not withdrawn; it is to be played on a "long Thursday," next week, after the whole of *Norma* and a scene from the *Sonnambula*!

Lucile Grahn has arrived.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

New York, May 2.

DEAR \* \* \*.—Our season is drawing to its close. On the 29th ult. the Philharmonic gave its last concert: the programme, less interesting than usual, nevertheless afforded a great treat. Spohr's first symphony in E flat—Moscheles' third concerto in G minor (in my opinion his best)—Mendelssohn's evergreen "Isles of Fingal"—and an overture by Kalliwoda, (which I did not stay to hear, an engagement calling me away, and not being an admirer of the author's)—also three vocal pieces. These, the band, really a fine one, including some excellent players, performed in a highly creditable manner. It may be suggested that the basses were not sufficiently powerful, which appeared to me particularly evident in the slow movement of the symphony; the delicious subject of which for violoncellos being thin and unsatisfactory in its effect. The concerto was cleverly played by Mr. Scharfenberg, on a grand piano-forte by Stodart and Dunham; an instrument certainly not worthy of the makers' squares, which are quite equal, if not superior, to those of London build. Mr. H. C. Turner was the appointed conductor for the evening, and laboured well. Mr. Lover, who has been as successful throughout the States with his "Irish Evenings," as Wilson and Russell with their monologues on your side the water, is now giving a series of "positively-his-last-farewell-nights," in this city. Mr. Hamblin's endeavour to raise the standing of the Bowery theatre, thus far, has been attended with complete success. The Seguins are still playing to crowded houses—the benefit of the accomplished Mrs. Seguin, who has quite identified herself with Balfe's "*Bohemian Girl*," proved a bumper. At the Broadway, John Brougham has produced a five act comedy, entitled "*Romance and Reality*"—the scene in New York, which has been run with considerable éclat. The American Dramatic Fund seems to be progressing earnestly. I send you a sample of a Musical Journal recently established. The attack upon you and your *World* will amuse you. The paper is the organ of a small clique, and except in its unacknowledged copious extracts from your pages, unworthy the advanced state of the art in this country. Bochesa is still laid up in Mobile, but I hear nothing from Herz, and am inclined to hope that the report of his accident is false. Pray remember me to C. W. and R., and believe me,

Your's truly,

\* \* \*

[Herz and Sivioli were both in Jamaica when we last heard from them, by letter, dated "Kingston, March 23." Herz, it is true, had dislocated his shoulder; but in a month from the time of the accident it was anticipated he would be able to play again.—Ed.]

#### REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"Dis'm's Journal," for the Cornet à Piston, Sax-Horn, and Sax-Tuba, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, adapted and arranged by J. DUBIN. —DISTIN and SONS.

THIS Journal is published in parts on the first of every month, and each number contains a selection from a popular opera. We can recommend it for its utility.

"None are left to welcome me." Ballad—Poetry by MRS. CRAWFORD; music by JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.—ADDISON and CO.

A PLEASING song. The words are good, especially the first verse, and the air is smooth and expressive.

"Phillis is my only Joy." Ballad, in the old English Style; the poetry by SIR CHARLES SEDLEY; the music by J. W. HOBBS.—ADDISON and CO.

MR. HOBBS has succeeded in catching the old English style of tune suggested by Sir Charles Sedley's pretty and quaint words. The refrain on the closing line of each verse is very happy.

"The Fire-Fly Polka." By HENRY W. GOODBAN.—ADDISON and CO.

THIS polka has our respect as much as polka can; but we are no adorners of the dance, and are not prejudiced in favor of the music which illustrates it. Mr. Goodban's polka is well written, and has a stimulating tune in it, which the polka should have, but which all polkas have not. Bating Jullien's Original Polka, the Opera Polka, the Annen Polka, the Redowa Polka, and several other polkas, which we cannot now call to mind, we know very few better polkas than Mr. Goodban's Fire-Fly Polka.

"O! Preserve and Bless the Queen." New National Hymn, performed at Exeter Hall, inscribed to the Loyal Inhabitants of Great Britain. Written by GEORGE LINLEY; composed by W. VINCENT WALLACE.—CRAMER, BEALE, and CO.

WE have already enlarged on the excellence of Mr. Wallace's Hymn, which, if written to other words, might have become as popular as "God save the Queen." It is published here for full choir, with pianoforte accompaniment. If the poetry had a little more sense, a little more logic, a little more consecutiveness, and a little less confusion with regard to its deductions, together with some happier choice of words, and something more of euphony in the flow of its numbers, it might, perhaps, have proved acceptable. Mr. Wallace undertook a Herculean task, when he attempted to grapple with the idiosyncracies of Mr. Linley's muse.

"Fair Summer Eve." Ballad; composed for Miss M. WILLIAMS; Poetry by GEORGE LINLEY; Music by WALTER MAYNARD.—E. RANSFORD.

THIS is a very sweet and pleasing song, written with musician-like feeling and tact. The accompaniments are simple, but characteristic. The sentiment of the words has been preserved with much felicity. The words are of the usual calibre of the writer; the following lines may serve as a specimen:—

"I shad, then, the love of a faithful heart;  
Death only could us part."

The musician has much to do to glean ideas from such verses.

"Souvenir de Vienne." Mazurka; by W. V. WALLACE.—ADDISON and CO.

A FANCIFUL and elegant composition, and entirely worthy of its popular author. To such of our fair readers as are practitioners on the pianoforte, we can strongly recom-

mend this Mazurka as a work which combines at once instruction with amusement. The subject is fascinating, and treated in the peculiar manner of the composer.

"Poor Florian" Ballad—Words by Miss C. Young; Music by W. J. Wrighton.  
 "Walter's Song" ditto ditto.  
 "Little Paul" ditto ditto.  
 ADDISON & CO.

The subjects of these songs, our readers must be aware, are taken from Dicken's "Dombey & Son." Both the music and words indicate great feeling, but we do not think the subjects altogether suited to ballad displays. The fair poetess should have confined herself to one phase of the life of Florence. The introduction of Willis's love is superfluous, and spoils an otherwise complete song. The lady has, however, proved herself in these small effusions no unworthy climber of the hill of the muses. Of Mr. Wrighton's songs, we prefer "LITTLE PAUL." They are all, however, nicely written, vocal, and instinct with the sentiment of the words.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HAYDN'S QUARTETS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your notices of Concerts, in the *Musical World*, you refer to Haydn's Quartets by numbers. I have a German edition of 51 Quartets of Haydn; but I cannot identify any quartet by your numbers. Can you give information whether there is a list of the subjects of each quartet with your numbers published, and where it is to be had?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.

[Perhaps some of our readers may be able and willing to answer the question of our correspondent.—Ed.]

LOUIS ADAM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I received the day before yesterday, a letter from Mr. Adolphe Adam, in which he mentions that a subscription is now opened, in Paris, at the music shop of M. Henry Lemoine, No. 9, Rue de L'Échelle, who is in correspondence with Mr. R. Cocks, of New Burlington-street, London. This is for the laudable purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of his father, the truly classical piano-forte player, instructor and composer. As a matter of course, I will send my subscription with the greatest of pleasure, and as soon as possible. I have no doubt, but what you will, my dear Sir, be disposed to publish the contents of this letter, and thereby excite your numerous circle of friends and acquaintances to come forward with Dussek's nephew, on the occasion; as also, indeed, the Royal Academy of Music. The late Louis Adam was a German by birth, born at Mitterholst on the Rhine, in the year 1758; he died in Paris, on the 8th of last month, in the 90th year of his age: indeed the Nestor of the P. F. He had resided in Paris for upwards of 50 years, where he was at the head of the French professors of the pianoforte, at the *Conservatoire*, and where he taught Kalkbrenner, H. Lemoine, and many other distinguished pianists. His *méthode de piano* is considered as one of the best of the elementary works; and many of his sonatas also rank among the very best that were ever written for that instrument; particularly his Op. 8, No. 3, in F. minor, and the one dedicated to the memory of Clementi. He is universally regretted—not only for his musical abilities; but also for his private worth and manifold accomplishments. Peace be to his manes! and may his example be ever followed!—I am, dear Sir, Yours truly,

PIO CIANCHETTINI.

17, Grattan Terrace, Montpellier, Cheltenham, May 8, 1848.

[We cannot rate the late M. Adam so high as our correspondent, and while admiring the Aeneas-like conduct of his son Adolphe and the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the worthy nephew of Dussek, we must decline to advocate the "monument," by pleading, or to support it by contribution. Mendelssohn is as yet without a monument—and Mozart! Why then Adam?—Ed.]

## THE MUSICAL UNION.

Two meetings have occurred since we last wrote of the doings of this institution. One on Tuesday afternoon the 2nd inst., at which the programme was as follows:—

Quartet in G, No. 1, MM. Molique, Sainton, Hill, and Piatti . . . . . Mozart.  
 Trio in D, Op. 81, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, MM. Billet, Molique, and Piatti . . . . . Beethoven.  
 Quintet in A, Op. 18, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, MM. Molique, Sainton, Mellon, Hill, and Piatti . . . . . Mendelssohn.

The quartet and quintet were excellently played. The quintet, one of Mendelssohn's most remarkable compositions, created a great sensation, and will doubtless induce Mr. Ella to repeat it on a future occasion.

The trio also went well. M. Billet is a good player, and takes no liberty with the text.

The last meeting took place on Monday last. The programme was as follows:—

Quartett in G, Op. 83, M.M. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill and Piatti . . . . . Haydn.  
 Trio in B flat, pianoforte, violin and violoncello, MM. Charles Hallé, Sainton and Piatti . . . . . Beethoven.  
 Quartet in E minor, MM. Sainton, Deloffre, Hill and Piatti . . . . . Mendelssohn.

The two quartets, which rank among the master-pieces of their respective composers, were played to perfection. We never heard the Mendelssohn go better, which is a great thing to say for Sainton, when it is known to be one of the grandest displays of Ernst, whose arrival in England has been prophesied, we fear, without reason.

Charles Hallé's second appearance justified all the praises that were lavished on his first. His reading of Beethoven's Trio was as profound and poetical as his reading of the same master's concerto in E flat, at the Royal Italian Opera, and his execution was quite as masterly. In chamber music and in concerted music with the orchestra, Charles Hallé is equally at home. His execution of the *Allegro* and *Finale* was instinct with energy and brilliant effect. Hallé's scale passages and arpeggios are perfect; his touch is so clear that not a note is ever lost, and in the softest *piano* he possesses as much command over the most elaborate difficulties as in traits of force and *bravura* passages. His reading of an *adagio* is full of poetry and unaffected feeling, and the variety of tone which he obtains from the instrument banishes every symptom of monotony; while his healthy style of expression disdains the affected sentiment of the maudlin school, which prevails so largely. M. Hallé's performance created the greatest enthusiasm. He was nobly assisted by Sainton and Piatti, the prince of violoncellists.

Both meetings were crowded with rank and fashion.

## EXETER HALL.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society performed last night Handel's, *Israel in Egypt*. The Society has evidently bestowed considerable pains upon this colossal work. Those choruses which generally fail from their difficulty, as "He sent a thick darkness," "Egypt was glad," and the "Wilderness" chorus, were rendered with precision. In the "Hailstone" chorus there was a little tendency to hurry, which was also the case in the chorus "And with the blast," but with these exceptions the performance was satisfactory. A correspondent having lately had occasion to complain of the manner in which so many of the performances have been

rendered, we are glad of this opportunity of noticing so much improvement. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Leffler sang the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," in such style, as to make the audience break through the established rule of the Society, and demand an encore. Miss Birch and Miss Dolby sang the music allotted to them with great ability; but we are bound to remark that Miss Stewart is as yet not sufficiently able to do justice to the severe style of Handel. Haydn's *Creation* is announced for the 2nd of June, Miss Lucombe (her first appearance since her return from Italy) Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Phillips taking the principal parts. Among the company we noticed the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cawdor, Sir R. H. Inglis, &c.

#### NOTICE.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to forward their Subscriptions up to June to the Publisher.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PINS AND NEEDLES of the *Puppet Show* are getting worse and worse. The needles of themselves are enough to sew up any publication, and for the pins they are regular corkers.

CARL DEICHMANN, a violaist of considerable ability, and a pupil of De Beriot, has arrived in London.

MR. H. C. COOPER.—The Directors of the Philharmonic Society have engaged this English Violinist to perform a *Concerto* at their seventh concert.

EMANUEL GARCIA, the celebrated vocal professor, instructor of Jenny Lind, &c. &c. &c., is shortly expected in London.

MADemoiselle JENNY LIND has definitively settled that she will *not* sing at any public provincial concerts. Whether Mr. Lumley will avail himself of her attraction, in conjunction with that of Thalberg, in a series of grand vocal and instrumental concerts (as we understood was to be positively the case) remains yet to be seen.

WILSON has recommenced his entertainments at the Music Hall, Store Street. We shall notice him fully next week.

MR. FRAZER has been giving, during the week, his Illustrations of the English Minstrelsy and Song, at Hammersmith, Walworth, and Hertford.

CHOPIN, the pianist, we are told, was invited to play at the Philharmonic, but declined.

MADAME CAILLY, a distinguished vocalist, who made a great reputation at the Theatre in Calcutta, at the grand concerts of the Town-Hall, and the concerts given by Lord Ellenborough, Sir George Arthur, Lady Macmahon, &c. has arrived in London with her husband.

MENDELSSOHN.—It is not generally known that Mendelssohn was a successful labourer in classic literature. "We read," says the *Brendel's Leipziger Mus. Zeitung* in the first part of the "*Leipzig Repertorium*," for 1848, that the translation of the "*Maid of Andros*," by Terence (in verse) is Mendelssohn's work.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Word to the Fast Men" will be continued in our next. "A word to the wise is sufficient," saith the proverb; but the fast men, being unwise, require many words, and even then are not satisfied.

GARDONI is taller than Mario, but Mario is stouter than Gardoni; therefore Mario is shorter than Gardoni, and Gardoni thinner than Mario. The exact height and breadth of either, or both, we are unable to give, therefore (as the Observer would say) "we must decline to give them."

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Pianofortes and Patent Harmonium.

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#### Mr. S. J. NOBLE,

(Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music,)

Has the honour to announce that the following talent will appear at his

### GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

At Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square,

ON MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1848.

Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss A. Williams, and Miss M. Williams. Mr. J. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. W. H. Seguin, Mr. T. H. Baylis, (Pupil of Signor Crivelli, at the Royal Academy of Music), Mr. Land, Mr. T. T. Peed, Mr. Gifford Forsyth, and Mr. John Parry. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. S. J. Noble; Harp, Mr. J. Halsir Chatterton, (Harpist to her Majesty); Violin, Mr. Edward W. Thomas. On this occasion Mr. Noble will perform a Grand Concerto in F minor, by Adolphe Henselt, (first time of performance in this country), a Fantasia on Airs from "Lucrezia Borgia," by S. J. Noble, and a new Bravura Duet with Mr. W. H. Holmes—W. H. Holmes (first time of performance.) Two Madrigals will be sung by an efficient Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Lovell Phillips. Conductor, Mr. W. H. Holmes.

Tickets Seven Shillings each, to be had at the principal Music-sellers; Reserved Seats Half a Guinea, to be had of Mr. Noble only, 60, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### FOR THE BASS VOICE.

MR. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the *ART OF SINGING*, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. CRIVELLI, at his residence, No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

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An entire new and correct edition of the Pianoforte Works, (with and without accompaniments) of this celebrated composer, dedicated by express permission to Her most gracious MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

EDITED BY CIPRIANI POTTER.

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CHARLES COVENTRY, 71, Dean-street, Soho.

#### MRS. ANDERSON

Has the honour to announce that her

### ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY, MAY 24th, to commence at 2 o'clock precisely, on which occasion she will be assisted by Mesdames Grisi, Castellani, Albani, Viardot Garcia, Signori Mario and Tamburini, by the kind permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera, also Mad. Dorus Gras, Miss Bassano, and Sig. R. Costa. Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson, Violin, M. Sainton, Violoncello, Sig. Piatti. Sax-horns, the Distin Family. The orchestra will be numerous and complete in every department.

Conductor, ———— Mr. COSTA.

Stalls, Box Stalls, and Pit Tickets may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of

Mrs. ANDERSON, 21, Manchester-street.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

### W. SHORE'S ADMIRABLE GLEE.

"O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT" arranged as a Brilliant Rondo for the Pianoforte by R. Andrews, .. .. . 2 6  
Rossini's "ODE" ditto, .. .. . 2 6  
The Special Favorite Polka, .. .. . 1 0  
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**EXETER HALL.****MR. HENRY WYLDE,**

Has the honour to announce that his

**ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT**

Will be given in the LARGE HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, the 5th of JUNE, when will be performed by the complete Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera-house, his new MS. Symphony in F major. No. 2, a Symphony in G minor, by CIPRIANI POTTER; the Overtures to Leonora and the Midsummer Night's Dream, &c. The names of the principal performers, including Madame ANNA THILON and Mr. SIMS REEVES, together with other particulars, will be announced in a few days.

**MADAME PUZZI.**

Has the honour respectfully to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, her Pupils, and her Friends, that her

**ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT**

Will take place in the GREAT CONCERT ROOM of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on MONDAY, MAY 22nd, to commence at Half-past One o'clock precisely.—PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS: Mesdms. Tadolini, Cruvelli, Vera, M. Cruvelli, and Schwartz; Sig. Gardoni, Marras, Labocetta, Sims Reeves, Colletti, F. Lablache, Belletti, and Lablache.—INSTRUMENTALISTS, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg, Violin, M. Herrman, Violoncello, Sig. Piatti, French Horn, Sig. Puzzi. CONDUCTORS, Messrs. Balfe, Ploitti and Benedict. Boxes Stalls, Reserved Seats, and Pit Tickets, for which an early application is respectfully solicited, may be obtained at the principal Music-sellers and Libraries and of Madame Puzzi, 38, Jermyn-street, St. James's.

**BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.**

The Members, Subscribers, and Public are respectfully informed that the FIFTH PERFORMANCE will take place on MONDAY, MAY the 22nd, at M. COULON'S, 48, Great Marlborough-street, at Half-past Eight. ARTISTES, Herr Molique, M. Sainton, H. Hill and S. Rousselot. Quartetts played: No 5, Op. 18; No. 8, Op. 69; and Op. 130, in B flat. Tickets, &c., may be had at Messrs. Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; and Betts's Royal Exchange Single admissions, 10s. 6d., each.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

**MR. JULIAN ADAMS**

Has the honor to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, his Friends, and Pupils, that he intends giving a Series of

**THREE CHAMBER CONCERTS,**

For the performance of Celebrated Pianoforte Music, at the above Rooms, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 31st, 1848,  
MONDAY, JUNE 12th, —  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21st, —

The Selection will comprise Trios, Quartets, Quintets, Septuors, by BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN, WEBER, REISSIGER, HUMMEL, &c. &c. interspersed with SOLOS and VOCAL MONODRAMS. MR. JULIAN ADAMS will be assisted by the following eminent Artists.

Made. DE LOZANO, Miss MIRAN, Miss CUBITT, Miss SARA FLOWER, Miss ELLEN LYON, Madlle. RICCI, (who has just returned from Italy), the Misses COLLINS, Herr MULLER, Signor CIABATTI, and Sig. A. GALLI, INSTRUMENTALISTS. Grand Pianoforte, Mr. JULIAN ADAMS. Violin, Miss ROSSINA COLLINS. Boehm Flute, Mr. CARZE. Concertina, Sig. GIULIO RIGONDI. Flute, Mr. SAYNOR. Horn, Mr. JARRETT. Clarinet, Herr SONNENBERG. Oboe, M. BARRET. Contra Bass, Herr KLEIGL. Harp, Mr. GERHARD TAYLOR, who will perform on BLAZDELL'S Patent Gothic Harp, Conductor, Messrs. JULES DE GLIMES, T. BAKER, and LAVENU.

**THE NEW PATENT HARMONIUM**

Will be introduced at these Concerts, to afford amateurs and admirers of this Instrument an opportunity of hearing the various combinations and novel effects that can be produced when accompanied by other instruments.—The tout ensemble forming a complete Orchestra. Subscribers' Tickets, to admit Two Persons to each Concert £1 1s. To the Reserved Seats, £1 10s. Single Tickets to Subscribers, 5s. each. To Non-Subscribers, 7s. each. To be had of Mr. ADAMS, 77, John street, Fitzroy-square; and the principal Music Warehouses.

**CHAMBER ORGAN.**

TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.—A Sweet Toned Chamber Organ, and Harpsichord combined, with two rows of keys: the organ and harpsichord may be used together or separate. The whole is inclosed in a richly carved mahogany case, in the shape of a Grand Pianoforte. By an inscription in the front of the instrument it appears to have been a present from BREXTON LONG, Esq., to his sister Mrs. DRAKE; and was built in 1745, by ORANG, the first Organ builder of his day. It has six stops; three on each side consisting of stop and open Diapasons, Principal and Twelfth. It is a highly finished instrument and was purchased at the great sale of Effects of the late FRANKLIN, Esq., Mautham, near Findon, Sussex, and was stated in the Catalogue to have originally cost 600 Guineas. For further particulars and price apply to Mr. HENRY SALTER, Surveyor, Auctioneer, &c., Arundel, Sussex.

**Miss DOLBY and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER**

Beg to announce that their

**ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT,**

Under the immediate patronage of

Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN,

Will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

ON TUESDAY, the 30th, instant,

To commence at Two o'clock precisely.

Miss Dolby, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be assisted by eminent talent, Vocal and Instrumental, a complete Orchestra, and an efficient chorus. An Anthem for Contralto and Chorus, by Mendelssohn will be performed on this occasion for the first time. Tickets 7s. each, may be had of all the principal Music-sellers, of Miss Dolby, 2, Hind-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick-street, Hyde Park Square. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had only of Messrs. Cramer and Co, of Miss Dolby, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

**WILSON'S NIGHT WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

On MONDAY EVENING, MAY 22nd, at the MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET,

At Eight o'clock,

**MR. WILSON**

Will give his

**POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT on the SONGS of SCOTT.**

'Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er,'—'Not faster yonder rower's might,'—'Hail to the Chief,'—'He is gone on the mountain,'—'The heath this night must be my bed,'—'Ave Maria,'—'Alice Brand,'—'They bid me sleep,'—'The toils are pitched,'—'Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman,'—'Young Lochinvar,'—'Jock o' Hazeldean,'—'Pibroch o'Donnel Dhu.' Pianoforte, Mr. JOLLEY.

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The Countenance is rendered additionally pleasing by the well-arranged curl, the braided plait, or the flowing tress. In dressing the hair, nothing can equal the effect of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, on either natural or artificial hair, rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautiful flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the head-dress truly enchanting. ROWLAND'S KALYDON is a preparation of unparalleled efficiency in improving and beautifying the skin and complexion, preserving them from every vicissitude of the weather; and completely eradicating all Cutaneous Eruptions, Freckles, and Discolourations; and ROWLAND'S OUDONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, is alike invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effect on the teeth and gums.

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"TO CORRESPONDENTS.—AN AMATEUR VOCALIST.—Use Stolberg's Lozenges by all means; they will strengthen the voice, and remove hoarseness. We have recently, through a chemical friend, submitted them to analysis, and the result proves them to be a most efficacious remedy for affections of the throat generally.

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**The London Assurance Corporation,**

By Charter of King George the First, for LIFE, FIRE, and MARINE ASSURANCE, granted their first Life Policy on the 7th June, 1721.

Their new prospectus embraces a variety of every eligible plan for Life Assurance at moderate premiums.

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Fire Insurances, on every description of property, at moderate rates, and Marine Assurances at the current premiums.

Prospectuses may be had at their offices, 7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent-street, or sent free on a written application.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

## MADLLE. JENNY LIND.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that a

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

WILL TAKE PLACE

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY the 25th, 1848,  
On which occasion

## MADLLE. JENNY LIND

Will appear, FOR THE FIRST TIME, as

"LUCIA,"

In DONIZETTI'S OPERA of

## LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the **BALLET DEPARTMENT**, combining the talents of Mdle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mdle. MARIE TAGLIONI, and Mdle. CERITO, M. PERROT, and M. ST. LEON.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

††† Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets are to be made

Western Life Assurance and Annuity Society,  
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In addition to the ordinary plans of Life Assurance, this Society possesses several features which present peculiar and important advantages to the public. Amongst which is

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For further information (free of expense) application is requested to the Actuary, Arthur Scratchley, Esq., A.M., F.R.A.S., 3, Parliament-street, London.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

## COVENT GARDEN.

## First Night of La Favorita.

## FOURTH NIGHT OF THE NEW BALLET.

The Directors have the honour to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, MAY 23rd, DONIZETTI'S Opera,

## LA FAVORITA,

Will be performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, with entirely new Mise en scene, Costumes, and Decorations.

Leonora de Guzman	..	Made. GRISI.
Inez	..	Mdile. TEMPLE.
Baldassare	..	Signor MARINI.
Don Gasparo	..	Signor SOLDI.
Alfonso XI.	..	Sig. CORRADI-SETTI

AND

Ferdinando	..	Signor MARIO.
------------	----	---------------

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, MR. COSTA.

To conclude with, for the fourth time, the New Ballet Divertissement, entitled

## NIRENE,

In the Second Tableau of which the grand Fete des Fleurs will be represented.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

## First Night of Norma.—The Last Scene from La Cenerentola.

## FIFTH NIGHT OF THE NEW BALLET.

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 25th, will be performed, for the first time this Season, BELLINI'S Opera of

## NORMA.

Norma	..	Made. GRISI.
Adalgisa	..	Mdile. CORBARI.
Clotilde	..	Made. BELLINI.
Oroveso	..	Signor MARINI.

AND

Pollio	..	Signor LAVIA.
--------	----	---------------

After which will be given, the LAST SCENE from

## LA CENERENTOLA.

In which MADLLE. ALBONI will sing the celebrated Cavatina,

"Non piu Mesta,"

To conclude with, the new Ballet Divertissement, entitled

## NIRENE;

With the GRAND FETE DES FLEURS.

The Opera on each Evening will commence at EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Admission to the Pit, 8s.; to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; to the Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT,

## FRIDAY, JUNE 2ND.

THE DIRECTORS beg respectfully to announce that the MORNING CONCERT advertised to take place on Wednesday, May 31, is unavoidably POSTPONED to FRIDAY, June 2nd. On this occasion, in compliance with a very general wish, the STABAT MATER will be repeated, and the Concert embrace a most attractive Programme, supported by all the principal Artists of the establishment.

Prices of Admission to the Concert—Boxes, £4 4s.; £3 3s.; £2 2s.; and £1 1s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 15s.; Box Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

The Concert will commence at HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes may be secured on application at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at Booksellers.—Saturday, May 20th, 1848.